

# The Prairie Light Review

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Volume 14 | Number 3

Article 28

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Summer 8-1-1995

## Shame

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### Recommended Citation

Ong, Ellyn (1995) "Shame," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 14 : No. 3 , Article 28.  
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol14/iss3/28>

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## Shame

In the primal creation of the human race,  
nobody knew of you.

Together, the very first man and his wife  
freely pranced their bare bodies about  
for they knew nothing of you —  
until the serpent spoke,  
and they sunk their teeth into the forbidden fruit.

In the woman and man's vision,  
you twisted the natural shape  
of their nakedness.  
You forced them to sew coverings for them-  
selves.

Barriers built.  
Openness destroyed.  
All because of you —  
a result from the Evil One's works.

Now you urge me to run.  
Away from the rest of the world.  
Away from myself.  
To a place where nobody else is  
except for you.

In the place where I find you  
you remind of the sins  
that the Gracious One told me to forget.  
Over and over again,  
you bring back the pain—  
the sharp pangs of guilt  
that I've already nailed to the cross.

You demand that I hide.  
Hide from everyone but you.  
I have no choice  
but to encounter you  
when I am alone.

You strike both my cheeks  
'till they're drumbeat red.  
I conceal my entire face  
with trembling hands.  
You pounce on my shoulders  
with colossal, iron feet.  
You kick chunks of heavy metal  
into my heart 'till it sinks down  
into the pit of my knotted stomach.  
You build up lumps of humiliation in my throat.  
You surge into my gut  
and boil over my conscience.

Afraid to be by myself.  
For it is then that you will attack me.  
Scared to reveal myself to others.  
For it is then that you seize me.

Can't face God.  
Can't meet my eyes with those of another.  
Can't look in the mirror.

Can't deal with you anymore.

Begone, Shame!  
Return to the evil one who sent you.

In the final creation of the human race,  
nobody will know of you.

By: Ellyn Ong

"Peace comes not from the absence of  
conflict in life but from the ability to cope  
with it."

Anonymous